Fam
PR9
D29S

CANADIANA

Sonnet.

TO E. W.

Historic lights athwart thy brow are cast ;
And while I think of thee, from night's pro-
found
Bright forms, starry crown'd, come crowding
round,
Their lucid outlines gleaming thro' the past.
'Twas with such eyes the sorceress of Nile,
Ambition charmed to rest in Cæsar's heart,
And if Scotch Mary, playing foulest part,
Subdued men's reason, 'twas with such a smile.
See that thy beauty be no fatal dower,
Nor dull the heart, nor deaden the swift
mind—
Beauty,—not certain for a single hour,—
The dazzling bird of youth no cord can bind:
To-day his luring lithe enchantments shower
Divinity ; to-morrow he's far down the mocking
wind.

N. F. DAVIN.

Ottawa, March 1881.